

Golden Sun: Dawn of a Harem

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Summary: Witness the incredible (would-be) true story of how Matthew gained the attention of five very special ladies. Contains Spoilers, somewhat

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1**

Golden Sun: Dawn of a Harem.

-The incredible (would-be) true story of how Matthew got his Harem-

Ch.1-Karis

The first time Karis realized that she loved Matthew, was the day she fell down a well.

The sun was rapidly descending past Mount Aleph, yet the trio of children continued to play and run with reckless abandon. The Goma Plateau would soon be covered in a strange blend of light and shadows, covering rocky cliffs.

"Come on Matthew!" the tallest of them called to another. He was a red-haired boy, with a mischievous gap-toothed grin. "The sun will go down before you make it!"

The sandy-haired youth chose not to respond, but the green-haired girl next to him scowled and called back, "Slow down Tyrell! We should be careful! Even Matthew's not strong enough to sense the ground in the dark!"

Pausing only a minute for the two to catch up, the one named Tyrell rolled his eyes. "You won't have to sense the ground, unless you're too slow to see the sunset," he complained unabashed. "Karis you run like a girl!" he jeered as they came closer.

"I am a girl!" she seethed. Only eight years-old, her purple eyes blazed with an intelligence that would only grow with age. "Or have all those blows to the head finally knock off

what's left of your brain?" she asked, daring him to try to match her wit.

Tyrell didn't fall for it. But he did slow down so his best friends could catch up. He didn't resent that Matthew barely talked, but it was unfair to have Karis' sharp comebacks defending for him.

The quiet boy struggled to keep up, puffing hard in the brisk wind of the rapidly approaching evening. His gray eyes shone with excitement, though. Sunsets were always spectacular up on the Plateau, but today was the solstice, and the sun would hold it's position just a bit longer. In celebration of the time, the nearby Patcher's Place would be lighting fireworks, dazzling the night as the sunlight faded.

Their chosen spot, a breach in the cave wall they had found previously, would capture the entirety of the heavenly event, providing the perfect view. Getting there, would be slightly dangerous, though. They had been to the caves before, with Isaac and Garrett, but now they would be alone, not that Matthew and Tyrell's fathers would now about this excursion.

The cave, though small, had plenty of nooks and crannies where slimes would hide. A single slime was harmless enough, with the proper caution. But Isaac and Garrett warned that a large group could be challenging, especially for young Adepts without sufficient control over their Psynergy. Thus, the youths armed themselves with sticks, more for comfort of holding something, since Tyrell and Matthew planned to blast pebbles and flames before anything got within arm's-reach.

Entering the unnamed cave, all three were hit with sudden excitement. Adventures were thrilling! especially knowing

the trouble they'd be in if they were caught. They hopped across the small gaps between the sections of the cave, coming to a stop at the breach in the cave wall.

"Should be starting any minute now," the fading sunlight reflecting off his blue eyes, Tyrell propped himself against the rock wall and got comfortable.

Karis and Matthew were both too winded to respond, but they too found comfortable sitting-positions.

As they settled down, the sun gave off a final golden ray of light, almost like a regal farewell, before finally sinking beneath Mount Aleph. In the split-second the light faded, a shroud of darkness overtook the Goma Plateau, causing the children to tense involuntarily. But the soon relaxed, when a blazing comet of purple streaked into the sky, exploding in a bright starburst of color. The fireworks began.

The Plateau was soon awash in vivid colors, pulsating between brief lapses of dark and light. The dark of the night provided the perfect backdrop, as the fireworks crew painted pictures of dragons and djini, pillars of fire and huge waves of water.

The display lasted another half-hour, when suddenly the grand finale began. A huge spiral of rainbow colors flashed to and fro, seemingly alive, when it split in two. Roaring, the twin spirals flashed a brilliant white, with a huge *BOOM!* echoing across the Plateau.

The echo reached the children, drawing stupid, happy smiles. The echo also reached other things, who weren't half as happy with the sound. Tyrell was giving Matthew a high-five, when an object dropped from the ceiling. Then another. And another, till there was a whole mob of beady-eyed

slimes staring at them, dozens of horns gleaming in the faint light.

"Uh, Matthew?" Tyrell was trying hard not to panic. "What'd we do?" he asked while eyeing the gelatinous cave-dwellers.

Matthew shook his head, but kept a sharp eye out, assessing the situation. There were too many for them to handle, even with the small psynergy spells they knew.

Karis confirmed his doubts, "There's no fighting all of these things, not at once." But she did notice something. "Look! There's only a few of them there."

Matthew followed her pointed glance. Conveniently enough, the way back to the exit had very few slimes standing in the way. A gap big enough to squeeze by. Matthew nodded to Tyrell, who caught onto his thinking, and unleashed a small gout of flames from his outstretched hands.

The slimes dashed out the way, but it gave the three young Adepts enough time and room to bolt through. Running to the exit, Matthew turned back to erupt a hail of pebbles between them and the closest slimes, driving them back.

As they ran out into the slowly strengthening moonlight, the three adopted a steaming pace, Tyrell taking the lead, and Karis and Matthew falling behind again, though nothing was fun about this time.

They had made it over the bridge and halfway to the Cabin, when Karis suddenly dropped. Exhausted and straining to see in the still-faint light, she failed to spot the uncovered well dug into the rocky soil.

Matthew felt her fall, but Tyrell was too fear-driven and too far ahead to notice.

The well was long-dry but the sudden plunge into darkness terrified her, as she landed with a jarring *THUD!* Pain flared up her leg, and she nearly blacked in painful dread, half-conscious when she knew her ankle was broken.

Thinking quickly, Matthew focused the rhythmic energy of Earth Psynergy into his palms, and grew a sturdy vine-ladder down the fifteen-foot-deep well. Karis was still sobbing when Matthew dropped down too, white-faced with fear.

"Matthew," she sobbed as he strained to lift her up. "My ankle, it hurts real bad."

Groaning with effort, he held her hand reassuringly, as he started scaling his makeshift ladder. Exhausted, he reached the rim of the well, and saw something he did not like one bit.

Though the bridge daunted a few of the slimes, the majority of the seemingly endless sea of slimes began to cross, slowly heading towards him and Karis, still crying softly in pain over his shoulder.

Already tired, he began the beginning for the simple Cure spell of healing he knew. Once again focusing a rhythmic pulse of earth energy, allowing it to wash over them both. Karis' crying stopped, and he felt slightly refreshed, enough to start hobbling over to the familiar porch of the Lookout Cabin.

Just as he thought for sure he would feel a slime bring him down, Matthew looked up to see a furious Isaac casting a psynergy spell. He silently cheered as the earthen energy rocked ground where the slime horde stood, casting them over the side, or shaking them out of existence.

His cheer was cut short when Isaac gave him a look that meant definite scolding later. "But first, let's see Karis' wounds." They entered the small main room. where Garrett and Tyrell had set up the table for treating the Wind Adept's wounds.

Matthew realized the girl had passed out from shock, pain, and fear. He gently laid her out on the great table. Her face was shining with sweat, and she looked so pale, Matthew worried for his friend.

Garrett strode in from the kitchen, fresh from scolding his son, based from Tyrell's subdued mood. The Fire Adept joined Isaac at the head of the table, where Isaac was bandaging Karis' ankle. Once that was done, the two seasoned Adepts held out their hands, and poured healing Psynergy into the girl. Her ankle straightened, and she sighed in her sleep, looking much better.

Isaac took his son aside. "You are in *SO* much trouble for that stunt," he scolded with a firm voice, causing Matthew to look down. "BUT," Matthew looked up again, to a smiling Isaac, "You did a fine job getting those two out of trouble. And I'm very proud of you." Then his expression turned tired. "But please, don't do that again," with that said, he tossed Matthew a bag. "Pack your stuff, we're going on another trip."

Karis woke the next morning, feeling very much better. The only thing troubling her was Matthew. While she had slept, the fair-haired youth had been filing her dreams. She had never been so terrified, falling into the well, knowing the slimes would be upon her soon. When he came! The moment replayed over and over again, her knight in armor.

Karis had always been a practical girl, being mature even for an eight-year-old. Yet no matter how hard she dismissed the fluttering in her chest, she couldn't subdue the way her heart leapt when she caught Matthew's eye as he and his father left for another trip up Mount Aleph.

Sighing, she chastised herself. Surely these petty emotions will go away with time, right?

Years later, she was once again wrestling with the same emotions, as Matthew stood a little too close, making her light-headed and feverish.

Till a sudden push from her right sent her sprawling. She looked up to see a sweating Matthew, a shadow monster's blade being held back by his own Gaia Blade. He didn't say anything, but merely winked, as if to say, '*You dummy, you're lucky I got your back,*' then flicked his blade, shearing the monster in two.

Karis sighed. '*The one boy to captivate my whole world, and it's the one who doesn't talk,*' she thought. Yet she still grinned back. Thinking as she jumped back into the fray, '*I wouldn't have it any other way.*'

Author's Note: Hey guys! This is my first Golden Sun: Dark Dawn fanfic, as well as my first harem fic too. I hope ya'll like it. As always, remember to hit those fav/follow buttons, and don't be afraid to review or pm me. Thanks! -FonicEdge21

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2**

Golden Sun: Dawn of a Harem.

-The incredible (would-be) true story of how Matthew got his Harem-

Ch.2-Sveta

When Sveta first met Matthew, she smelled him rather than saw him.

She was sneaking through the snow-swept Te Rya Village, wondering how on Weyard she was going to return the strange-smelling bag she had found in the ruins, when a distinct scent cut through the usual smoke and sheep smell of the village.

Sniffing, she followed the faint trail of the scent, weaving around the small huts, just out of sight. Skirting around a snow bank, she picked up raised voices, just as the scent grew sharper.

The nomadic "Snow People" of the Khiren Mountains were surprisingly soft-spoken, even around each other, from what Sveta could tell. So, it was slightly shocking that she could hear any voices above the whispers of the snow, even with her sharp ears. She ran silently across the softly packed snow towards the entryway of the village.

Peering around the edge of a conveniently-placed pile of hay, Sveta heard the voices suddenly die out, and barely ducked into the shadow of a tent, when the young man they call Ryu Kou stormed past, followed by the gray-haired man... Hou Zan? She couldn't recall, but she knew from her

previous (secret) excursions that, although neither were actually villagers, they proved good-hearted men, Ryu Kou's fiery candor often being quelled and channeled with Hou Zan's mossy demeanor.

Today, it seemed, the older man was having a hard time rearing in the explosive lad. Curious as to what could have set Ryu Kou off now, Sveta had just caught sight of closing tent flaps, when the intriguing scent blew inside. By, now, she could almost identify the smell, a strangely-pleasant mixture of sweat and an earthy cinnamon smell.

As a Beastman, Sveta understood how scents generally reflected one's character, noble souls usually bearing a cleaner scent than those of chaotic intent. Surprisingly, this was the purest scent reading she had in awhile. Sveta wasn't sure if she felt more shocked by the fact that someone exuded a cleaner reading than even that of her brother, or excited to meet the mysterious person, as she approached the medical tent.

Hesitating just a second, Sveta was propelled into hiding again, when someone suddenly exited the tent, leaving Sveta briefly exposed, but not distinguishable. She practically dove into the snowbank she'd been using for cover, as a sandy-haired youth stood bewildered at the sudden movement. Now unseen, Sveta got a better view of the young man with the pure scent.

His fair-hair, almost golden, was cut medium-length, shining in the pale light of the sun. Fairly handsome, Sveta realized with a blush, he was about her age. With grey eyes, almost like mirrors, and a kind smile, he radiated a quiet sort of authority that the others travelling with him seemed to recognise. She didn't need her Soul-Sense to feel the importance this young man would hold in the world.

Sveta would definitely keep an eye out for him in the future. *'Who knows?'* she wondered, *'Maybe we could run into each other later.'* She sighed, *'Now what AM I going to do with this bag?'*

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Now, Sveta was very convinced her destiny was entwined with Matthew's.

The party was investigating a potential site of a relic made to combat another Grave Eclipse. A local from Belinsk had kept an old book on legends of the area, Sveta recalled. Unfortunately, the capital of Morgol was still overrun by the dark horde of Shadow Monsters. Sveta had to practically pry the worn book from the slain Beastman's hands, while Matthew and the others kept the creatures at bay.

The book, a little battered yet legible, was chock-full on the little information known about the Umbra Gear and other relics from the era. Unfortunately, the faded chart was a badly-drawn map of Weyard prior to the Golden Sun, so the recognisable landmarks, if any, were either now greatly displaced, or gone entirely.

To Karis' credit (and Sveta's slight annoyance), the Wind-Adept had impressed Matthew once more, developing a method to crack the new locations of the relics. Recently, the two had been on edge, competing for Matthew's approval on even the smallest things.

Sveta was usually a very calm person, so it was a surprise even to her when she felt sudden fierce surges of annoyance, whenever Karis received praise from the Earth-Adept, or the simple joy that came from an approving nod from Matthew to Sveta. Other than that, Sveta thought, she

had been the same person, before Matthew had her wrapped around his finger.

The eerie shadow of the looming Eclipse seemed to hold sway over the normally placid weather around Kolima Forest, turning what would have been a soul-warming sun-lit day, into a cold stormy evening, raining sheets of water as well as Shadow Monsters barely lit by the occasional bolt of pure-white lightning.

"The monsters should thin out, coming closer to the Forest's boundaries!" Rief had to yell above the combined roar of rain and battle. "Tret and Laurel's Waelda spirits will act like a natural ward-" Whatever he was going to say after that, was lost as he barely ducked from a flying Dread Skull aiming straight for his head.

Though the fighting was substantially fierce, it grew obviously easier as the party got closer to the Forest. With nary a monster in sight, Sveta sighed as they tiredly trudged into the woods. The trip would be worth the trouble, even if the relic's location had moved, as Tret and Laurel would undoubtedly have some sort of wisdom to impart to the party.

The woods, true to Rief's word, were pleasantly devoid of any monsters. In fact, as the party picked their way closer to heart of the Forest, even the weather seemed much more tame than the mess outside, allowing them to dry off from the downpour.

"Aurora, a little heat please?" Tyrell said, willing the Djinn to appear. "And make it snappy." He was then hit with a searing wave of heat through his shoulder, as the fiery sun spirit sat on his now smoking shoulder-pad. "OWW!"

The Djinn pretended not to notice it's master's howls of pain. "A warm glow, to grace your persons, Adepts." It then let off a rosy glowing aura, warming the shivering party gently, except for Tyrell, who now resembled a sun-burn victim.

Their spirits raised, the party set about finding a decent spot of the forest to begin the search for Tret and Laurel. By "decent," that meant any patch of ground not drenched in rainwater. Fortunately, the denser trees towards what Sveta could only hope was the center of the forest, had shielded most of the ground, and so was only slightly uncomfortable to sleep and camp on.

Unfortunately, though they had seen the Waelda before, the Forest's puzzling passages never stayed the same course. Changing to the influence of Tret and Laurel, according to Pewter, the true path to the Waelda glade was nigh impossible to find without the blessing of the Tree spirits.

"The map could only get us so far," Karis said, folding the rough copy of the faded map she had made. "We'll have to find the relic shrine, preferably with some help from the Waelda." She looked up, addressing her friends, "Unless we have one party search for them and the other hold off the shadow horde."

Before any of the others could voice opinions, Matthew nodded, moving to accept his best friend's plan; one didn't gain the reputation as a master tactician for nothing. The only question that remained, who would go?

Matthew, obviously, would be most qualified in a pinch, being an Earth-Adept attuned well enough to the rhythm of the land. But a party of any more than two would certainly risk being bogged down if the storm managed to flood

through the trees, making the decision of the second member quite vital.

"You'll need me," Karis had stepped forward, "The coordinates are rough at best, but I'll be your best bet to get you close enough to the glade, since Pewter's no help at all," she rolled her eyes.

"Hey!" the Djini appeared, settled on a stump, making the nearby Amiti jump. "I'm just the envoy, I come when I'm called. But Laurel's been strangely silent-it's quite blissful by the way, but now even I'm worried," the Venus Djini of Emotions said, then winked back into Matthew.

Karis sighed. "Anyways, now that that's settled, I'll go with you-"

"Wait!" Sveta broke in, surprising herself. "I'm the best to take. My Tracking Psynergy would serve better, take me," she insisted, stepping between Karis and Matthew.

Sveta had realized that a unique bond linked her and Matthew. The quiet boy rarely, if ever spoke, but Sveta had found that, she could communicate with him using a less-potent form of her Spirit-Sense Psynergy to read his surface thoughts and emotions; nothing too deep to be intruding, and nothing too energy-consuming to exhaust her.

'Do you really want to come Sveta?,' Matthew's rich, quiet voice rang in her head. He gave her a sidelong glance to which she nodded. *'Alright, if you feel so strongly about this, you can come. But I don't wanna hear about how boring it is,'* Matthew grinned.

Karis observed the two with a decisive eye, noting Matthew's nod to Sveta, settling the matter. She sighed in resignation, steered the Earth-Adept towards the temporary command

tent to talk preparations, "I was ready to go now, but we'll have to make some new tactics for two-man attacks." Karis shot her a dirty look that was missed by Matthew, as they ducked into the tent.

Karis had caught onto Sveta's feelings for Matthew unnervingly quick, choosing not to confront her upfront, but making it a point to fight for Matthew's affections subtly. *'Wit or not, I'll find a way, that even you can't conceive, Karis,'* she decided. War would be waged.

A few hours later, two cloaked figures darted through the forest, the leading one stopping every now and then to examine the ground for something it seemed only she could see. Matthew sighed, the special oil that kept their heavy cloaks waterproof and somewhat dry, unfortunately, also reeked of a foul and piercing odor. *'But Sveta doesn't seem to mind, so I can hardly complain,'* Matthew thought to himself.

"I don't mind, because that's not the only thing I can smell," Sveta called back, jarring Matthew for a moment; it was strange to have someone hear him, even in his mind. She continued, "Tret and Laurel's spirits smell faint, but much nicer." At his puzzled look, she struggled to find the words to explain. "Generally, a being's soul gives off a smell of sorts, reflecting the quality of their hearts-

Suddenly, a gust of wind from the storm outside seemed to have broken through the trees, bending a tall tree directly in front of Sveta! With a low groan followed by a loud *snap!* three-hundred pounds of wood crashed towards the frozen Beastman.

Just when Sveta thought it was over for her, Matthew dashed in, grabbing Sveta and sent them rolling down the shallow

hill to their left. After the brief tumult, the two found themselves tangled up in a mess of limbs. '*S-Sorry Sveta,*' he apologized as they disentangled themselves.

"It's quite alright," she said, brushing herself off to hide the brilliant flush painted on her face. "I imagine I wouldn't be much better off, had you not acted so quickly." Sveta smiled as Matthew continued to mentally apologize. The pleasant scent coming off of him had only refined in quality, almost in direct result of his selflessness.

"Like I was saying, a being's scent carries distinct aspects of themselves, noble souls having cleaner, purer scents." They continued walking onward, the scent of clean, grassy fields and robust, earthy dirt growing stronger. "You, for example, have a very nice cinnamon and pine-like scent." She laughed at his incredulous look, "You also have one of the purest scents I've ever read in a human before."

'*And that means wha-*' Matthew was jarred from his thoughts, as the gloom of the forest suddenly lifted slightly. They found themselves standing in what was once a beautiful glade, a majestic tree standing regally next to a rugged mountain face. Mists coiled around the fringes of the wilting flower beds, giving the place an eerie feel.

Just as Sveta was going to ask the most obvious question of "Where were the Waelda?" a gravelly voice boomed from the proud face of the mountain. "Adepts, Weyard is in chaos. The Alchemy Dynamo has been activated, you must move swiftly if disaster is to be avoided."

A second voice drifted down, "Fear not, we know the truth of how the accursed machine was activated." Laurel's face appeared on the tree, looking a little weary but otherwise fine.

Sveta spoke what was on Matthew's mind. "Pewter said you'd been strangely silent. We began to fear the worst."

At this, both Waelda chuckled softly. Tret replied, turning serious once again, "Waelda are very hard to kill, we take pride in that fact. But the only reason this place has not been overrun is because we've been expecting you, Adepts."

Laurel explained, "Your friend Rief's theory was more or less true that we can repel the Shadow Horde. But only for so long, as it is quite tiring. Quickly now, there isn't much time; we must expend our powers to reduce the barrier to this area, protecting us, but the process will plunge us into a deep sleep..."

"The relic you seek does exist," Tret continued when his counterpart stopped. "But obtaining it will be more difficult than you think. The Staff of Remirel has been taken from its shrine for many years."

"Where on Weyard is it then?" Sveta asked, quite confused. It could have been her imagination, but the gloom of the forest seemed to be creeping back along the edges of her vision.

Laurel spoke this time, "The relic has changed hands time and again, but we know not of its precise location." Quite suddenly, the pale light faded to almost nonexistent, at the same time the Waelda flinched visably.

Tret spoke hurriedly, "Look to the islands that even the great waterfalls part from... Fortune favor you! The shadows will try to hapen your every step, be wary of the turn of the storms-" Then the Waleda's faces faded, as a dramatic crash of thunder, following a bolt of lightning, rang around them.

A sudden downpour of rain like a vertical flood fell through the trees, threatening to drench Sveta and Matthew. '*Let's go Sveta! We gotta get out of this rain!*' Matthew shouted in her head as he pulled back into the dense trees.

"We must find some shelter, before the ground becomes too flooded to move!" Sveta called above the roar of the rain. "Can you sense anything useful?" she asked.

Matthew strained to seek out any forms of shelter, the sudden storm making it extremely hard to focus. He was about to sigh in dismay, when there was a sudden tug at the edge of his mind. '*Perfect,*' he smiled to himself.

"Wha-?" Sveta nearly yelped as Matthew suddenly tugged her towards the right. Rushing through the muddy brush, he seemed hell-bent to crash into a boulder. But Matthew's strides were confident and full of purpose, hopefully meaning he knew where he was going.

The trees and the bushes became a blur in the fading light, as they raced through the darkening forest. Just when Sveta felt she could go no further, Matthew slowed to a stop. Wedged between a sturdy tree and an equally huge boulder, they had stumbled upon a woodsman's shack.

Pushing the creaky wooden door, Sveta could tell that though old, the lean-to had been lovingly cared for; only minimally dusted with cobwebs. Unfortunately, besides enough space for a cramped cot and a small wood-burning stove, it was quite an uncomfortable fit, as Matthew and Sveta tumbled in.

Disoriented, Matthew found himself tangled in the hammock of the cot, a warm weight pressing down on his chest. He looked up to see a madly blushing Sveta. '*Sorry Sveta!*' he tried to disentangle himself. '*I didn't mean to-*' he stuttered.

"I-It's alright," she assured him, trying to calm the burning in her cheeks and the hammering in her heart. "I'm just glad we're out of that rain." She shifted as they moved apart, but the cramped space only allowed a few inches between them, their knees practically touching.

Eager to change the subject, but still genuinely worried Sveta cleared her throat and said, "I hope the others have found shelter, too." The drone of the rain was somewhat muffled, but still loud enough that Matthew thought he must have misheard her.

'Sveta's... amazing,' he thought in awe, deeper than he hoped she could read from him. *'Here she is, soaked in rainwater, muddy, and probably mad about being put in these... awkward situations; and yet still concerned for our friends.'*

Sveta couldn't notice his stares, the occasional flash of lightning blinding her usually sharp night-vision. But neither could he catch her wistful glances towards him, wrapped in her own thoughts. She sat up with a jolt as Matthew spoke for the second time since she'd met the Earth-Adept. "I'm sure our friends are fine. I'm sorry you have to spend your time like this with me," he blurted suddenly.

Sveta almost chuckled in shock. "No, really it's fine. I don't mind at all," she assured him quickly.

She was surprised that she really did mean it; the whole ordeal was enjoyable, made so with his mere presence. Matthew's pure heart seemed to be quite literally sending off waves, washing the shack with it's earthy scent.

Yeah, Sveta didn't mind this at all. *'Besides,'* she thought, smiling to herself, *'Cinnamon is my favorite scent.'*

###

Author's Note: Hey guys! Looking back at this chapter, and seeing how long it is compared to the first one, I'm a bit blown away at how high I've set the bar for myself with the next updates hahahaha. I truly hope you guys like this story. Remember: don't forget to hit those fav/follow buttons, and don't be afraid to review or pm me with any questions. Thanks! -FonicEdge21